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DOCTOR WHO #6

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TARQ HAD BEEN RIDING THE DOLPHIDDA, PRACTISING FOR A GAME OF WAVERIDER WHEN HE'D BEEN PLUCKED OFF HIS PLANET AND BROUGHT HERE.

BROUGHT HERE WITH EVERY OTHER MEMBER OF HIS SPECIES, PRETTY MUCH. WHEREVER HERE WAS.



THE STRANGE MAN TOLD THEM THEY HAD BEEN TAKEN AWAY BECAUSE SOMEONE HAD BUILT A WEAPON THAT WOULD USE ALL THE PSYCHIC ENERGY CREATED BY THEIR COLLECTIVE TRAUMAS.

TARQ WASN'T SURE HE UNDERSTOOD THAT. OR CARED. ALL THAT CONCERNED HIM WAS SURVIVING LONG ENOUGH TO GET HOME AND WAVERIDE.



APPARENTLY, THE STRANGE MAN HAD SAID, SOME CREATURE, SOMETHING ANCIENT AND EVIL, WAS BREAKING INTO THE UNIVERSE. TARQ'S WORLD WAS PERFECTLY ALIGNED, ALONG WITH TEN OTHER WORLDS, TO FORM A "PSYCHIC CHANNEL" THAT COULD CLOSE DOWN THIS TEAR IN THE FABRIC OF SPACE AND TIME.

APPARENTLY.



TARQ REMEMBERED THAT THE STRANGE MAN WAS ALLIED WITH A GROUP HE'D REFERRED TO AS THE PANTHEON. THEY HAD FOUND A SONIC WEAPON THAT WOULD DESTROY THE INVADER.

SO THAT WAS OKAY THEN.

EXCEPT THAT THE PANTHEON HAD BEEN BETRAYED, THE GUN STOLEN, AND THE THIEF WAS LEADING AN ARMY OF ROBOTS AGAINST THE INHABITANTS OF THE TEN PLANETS, NONE OF WHOM WERE ENORMOUSLY AGGRESSIVE. EXCEPT THE TAUREANS...

SADLY, TARG WON'T GET HOME TO THAT WAVERIDING COMPETITION. THE UNIVERSE IS NEVER THAT KIND OR CONVENIENT. HE ISN'T THE FIRST OF HIS PEOPLE TO DIE TODAY AND HE CERTAINLY WON'T BE THE LAST.

FIGHT! DESTROY THE ROBOTS! WE MUST HELP THE DOCTOR!

HE IS GOING TO GET US ALL HOME! HE HAS PROMISED...

YEA AARSHHHH!

THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO...

...AGAIN...

LADY MARTHA, YOU WERE HIS FRIEND FOR THE LAST FEW HOURS OF HIS LIFE. THAT IS ENOUGH.

I CANNOT COPE WITH THIS... THE NOISE, THE SCREAMS, THE GUN BLASTS...

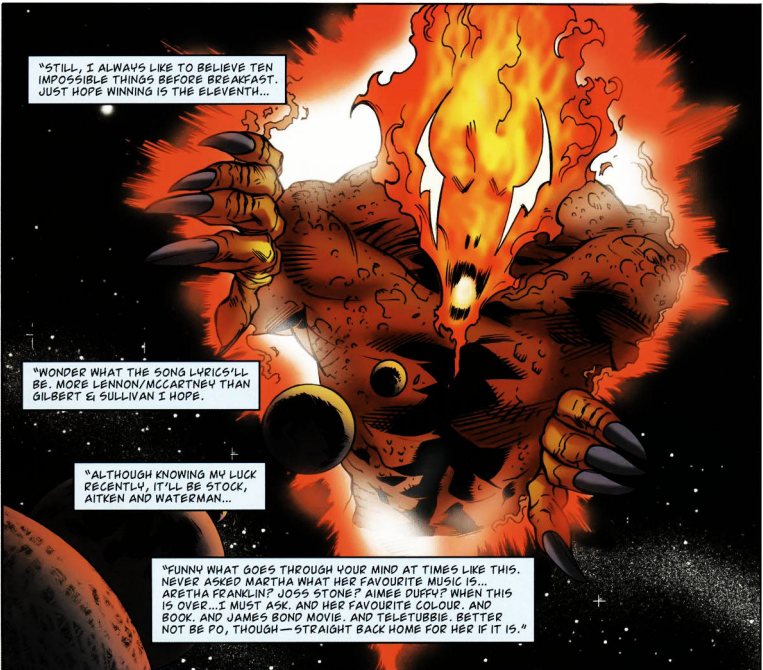


DOCTOR! WE
SURVIVE THIS,
THEY'LL BE SINGING
SONGS ABOUT US
FOR ETERNITY!

SUBASTION,
WE SURVIVE THIS,
AND AT LEAST
THERE'LL BE AN
ETERNITY...

BUT I'LL LIVE
WITH THE SONGS,
IF IT MEANS WE CAN
STOP THADLOT
AND SAVE THE
UNIVERSE.

NOT MUCH
TO ASK, IS
IT?



"STILL, I ALWAYS LIKE TO BELIEVE TEN IMPOSSIBLE THINGS BEFORE BREAKFAST. JUST HOPE WINNING IS THE ELEVENTH..."

"WONDER WHAT THE SONG LYRICS'LL BE. MORE LENNON/MCCARTNEY THAN GILBERT & SULLIVAN I HOPE."

"ALTHOUGH KNOWING MY LUCK RECENTLY, IT'LL BE STOCK, AITKEN AND WATERMAN..."

"FUNNY WHAT GOES THROUGH YOUR MIND AT TIMES LIKE THIS. NEVER ASKED MARTHA WHAT HER FAVOURITE MUSIC IS... ARETHA FRANKLIN? JOSS STONE? AIMEE DUFFY? WHEN THIS IS OVER...I MUST ASK. AND HER FAVOURITE COLOUR. AND BOOK. AND JAMES BOND MOVIE. AND TELETUBBIE. BETTER NOT BE PO, THOUGH—STRAIGHT BACK HOME FOR HER IF IT IS."

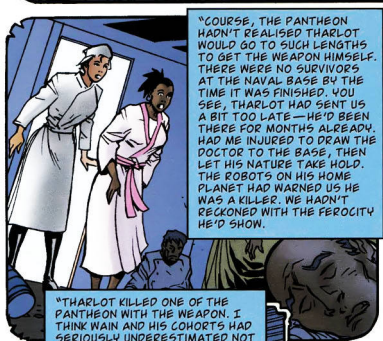
"HEY MUM. I'M STUCK HERE ON AN ALIEN PLANET COUNTLESS STAR SYSTEMS FROM EARTH, ABOUT TO DIE IN A BATTLE I CANNOT BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND, SO HEAVEN KNOWS WHAT YOU'D MAKE OF IT. BUT I'LL TELL YOU THIS FOR NOTHING, I WOULDN'T CHANGE IT FOR ANYTHING. WELL, MAYBE THE DYING BIT, BUT BEING HERE? SEEING THE UNIVERSE, GOOD AND BAD? WITH THE DOCTOR AND HIS TARDIS? WOULDN'T SWAP A MOMENT OF IT."

"I ONLY WISH THERE WAS SOME WAY I COULD LET YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU, DAD, EVERYONE. AND HOW PROUD I AM TO BE HERE, USING MY MEDICAL SKILLS, EVERYTHING I LEARNED. IT'S ALL BEEN WORTH IT—AND IF I DIE TODAY, YOU'LL NEVER KNOW. DON'T HATE HIM, MUM. THE DOCTOR'S BRILLIANT. BECAUSE HE SAID 'YES' TO ME EARLIER. AND THAT MEANT THE WORLD TO ME."

"AND YOU KNOW WHAT ELSE IS BIZARRE? ALL I CAN THINK OF IS TINKY WINKY IN A FIELD OF RABBITS, WAVING HIS HANDBAG AROUND. FUNNY THE THINGS YOU THINK OF IN TIMES OF STRESS..."

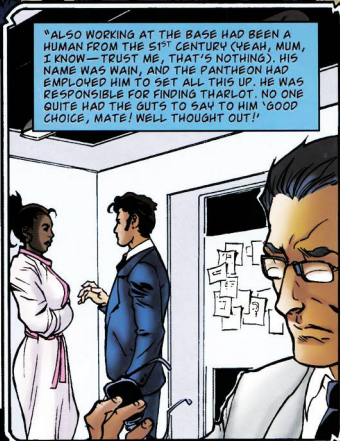


"THE PANTHEON WERE BETRAYED. THEY'D MADE THE MISTAKE OF EMPLOYING A MAN CALLED THARLOT—HE WAS ACTUALLY WORKING FOR THE GREAT EVIL (THIS MONTH'S GREAT EVIL, ANYWAY) AND SENT THE DOCTOR AND ME BACK THROUGH TIME AND SPACE TO GET THIS SONIC WEAPON BEING DEVELOPED ON EARTH IN THE 1950s. WITH ME SO FAR?"



"COURSE, THE PANTHEON HADN'T REALISED THARLOT WOULD GO TO SUCH LENGTHS TO GET THE WEAPON HIMSELF. THERE WERE NO SURVIVORS AT THE NAVAL BASE BY THE TIME IT WAS FINISHED. YOU SEE, THARLOT HAD SENT US A BIT TOO LATE—HE'D BEEN THERE FOR MONTHS ALREADY. HAD ME INJURED TO DRAW THE DOCTOR TO THE BASE, THEN LET HIS NATURE TAKE HOLD. THE ROBOTS ON HIS HOME PLANET HAD WARNED US HE WAS A KILLER. WE HADN'T RECKONED WITH THE FEROCITY HE'D SHOW."

"THARLOT KILLED ONE OF THE PANTHEON WITH THE WEAPON. I THINK WAIN AND HIS COHORTS HAD SERIOUSLY UNDERESTIMATED NOT JUST THARLOT'S INCREDIBLE UNTRUSTWORTHINESS, BUT THE POWER OF THE GUN ITSELF. THEY THOUGHT THEMSELVES INVINCIBLE. ALMOST LIKE GODS."



"ALSO WORKING AT THE BASE HAD BEEN A HUMAN FROM THE 51ST CENTURY (YEAH, MUM, I KNOW—TRUST ME, THAT'S NOTHING). HIS NAME WAS WAIN, AND THE PANTHEON HAD EMPLOYED HIM TO SET ALL THIS UP. HE WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR FINDING THARLOT. NO ONE QUITE HAD THE GUTS TO SAY TO HIM 'GOOD CHOICE, MATE! WELL THOUGHT OUT!'"

"GOT THAT WRONG, I GOTTA SAY."

"YOU HAVE SOMETHING I NEED DOCTOR."

"AND I'LL GET IN ANY WAY I CAN!"

VREEEEE

VREEEEEEEE

"WHO'S NEXT, THEN? DOCTOR? MISS JONES? OR SHALL WE LEAVE IT TO POT LUCK?"

FIRE!

BWAHAHAHAHAHAHA

MARTHA!

YEAH?

DUCK!

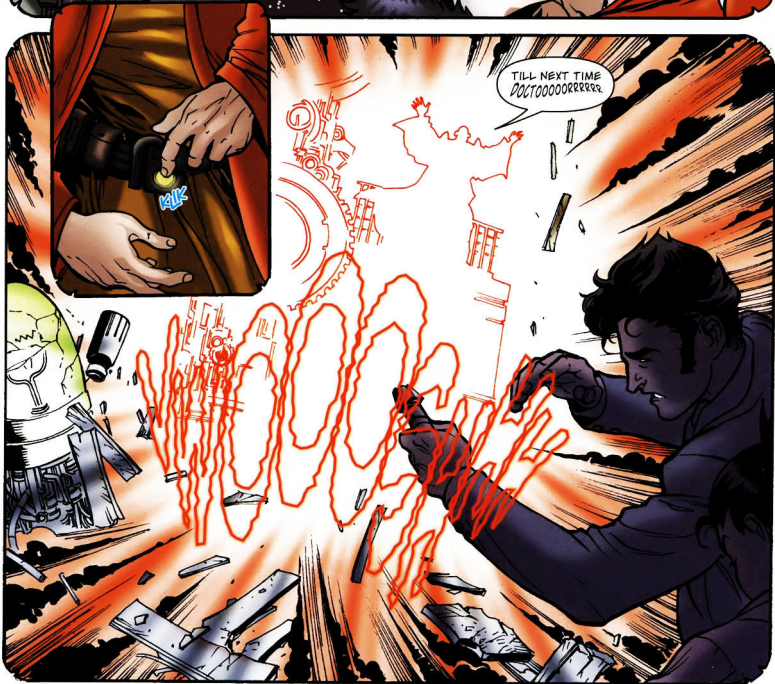


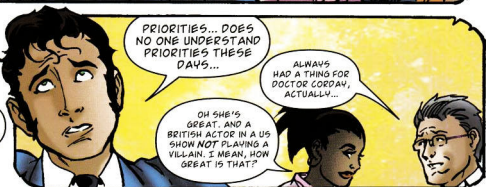
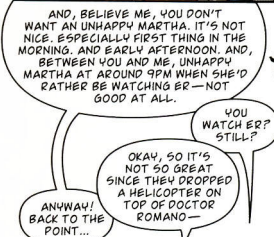
Y'SEE, THARLOT,
THAT'S IMPRESSIVE
HUMAN TECHNOLOGY, BUT
THIS SONIC SCREWDRIVER?
OH THAT'S MUCH BETTER
TECH. AND NO MATTER WHAT
YOU THROW AT IT, I CAN
HOLD YOU BACK.

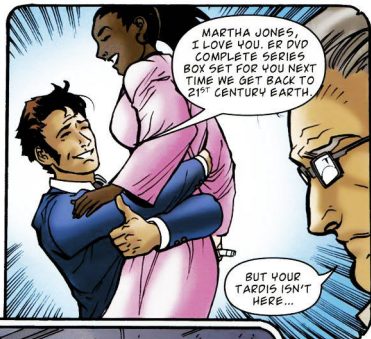
WHICH IS WHY
YOU'RE AFTER IT,
ISN'T IT?

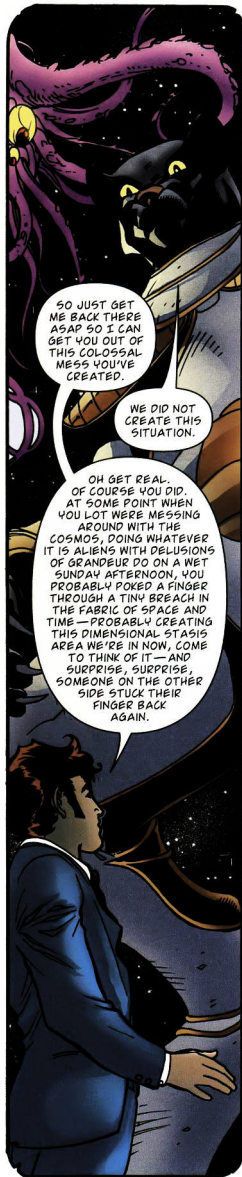
COS IF YOU ADD
MY SCREWDRIVER TO
THE POWER OF THAT
WEAPON, YOU COULD RULE
THE UNIVERSE THROUGH
FEAR, TERROR AND A
RATHER LOUD NOISE,
YES?

WELL, TOUGH
LUCK, BECAUSE
YOU'RE NOT
HAVING IT. NOW
OR EVER.









SO JUST GET ME BACK THERE ASAP SO I CAN GET YOU OUT OF THIS COLOSSAL MESS YOU'VE CREATED.

WE DID NOT CREATE THIS SITUATION.

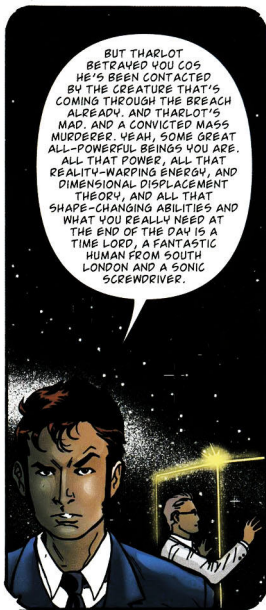
OH GET REAL. OF COURSE YOU DID. AT SOME POINT WHEN YOU LOT WERE MESSING AROUND WITH THE COSMOS, DOING WHATEVER IT IS ALIENS WITH DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR DO ON A WET SUNDAY AFTERNOON, YOU PROBABLY POKED A FINGER THROUGH A TINY BREACH IN THE FABRIC OF SPACE AND TIME—PROBABLY CREATING THIS DIMENSIONAL STASIS AREA WE'RE IN NOW, COME TO THINK OF IT—AND SURPRISE, SURPRISE, SOMEONE ON THE OTHER SIDE STUCK THEIR FINGER BACK AGAIN.



HOW DARE YOU! DO YOU NOT KNOW WHO YOU ARE CHASTISING? WE ARE THE PANTHEON, WE ARE THE—

OH DO BELT UP! THERE ARE BILLIONS OF PEOPLE OUT THERE, WHIPPED OFF THEIR HOME PLANETS, CONFUSED, SCARED, ANGRY (ESPECIALLY THE TAUREANS, THEY HAVE TEMPERERS MILDLY SHORTER THAN MINE AT TIMES LIKE THIS) AND UNAWARE THEY'RE PART OF SOME UNIVERSAL WEAPON YOU'VE KNOCKED TOGETHER WITH THEIR PLANETARY ALIGNMENTS TO SEAL THAT BREACH.

AND NOW YOU'VE LET SOME DESPOT RUN OFF WITH THE ONLY VERY REAL WEAPON WE COULD USE TO CLOSE IT. COS YEAH, ALL THAT PSYCHIC ENERGY YOU WERE RELYING ON, THAT MIGHT STOP THE CREATURE, BUT IT WON'T BE ENOUGH TO SEAL THE BREACH. FOR THAT, YOU NEED TO REWRITE THE MOLECULES OF THE GASH ITSELF. AND SONICS ARE DEAD GOOD FOR THAT. AND, AS THARLOT KNEW, CHUCK MY SONIC SCREWDRIVER—MY LOVELY FULL OF GALLIFREYAN TIME LORD TECHNOLOGY SCREWDRIVER—INTO THE MIX AND BINGO, YOU HAVE WHAT YOU NEED.

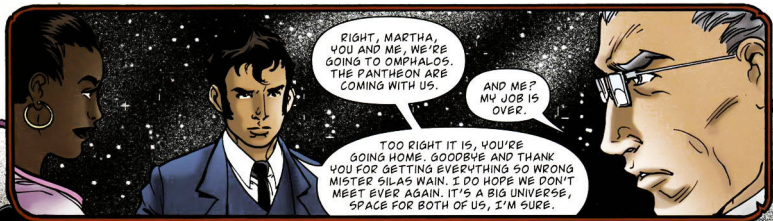
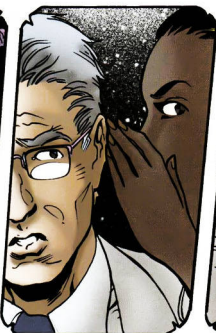


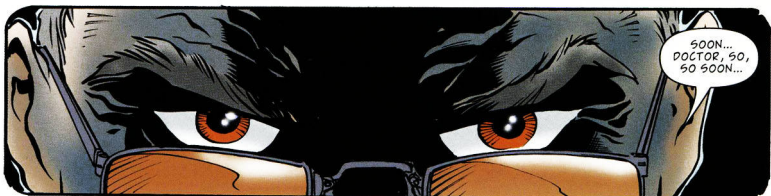
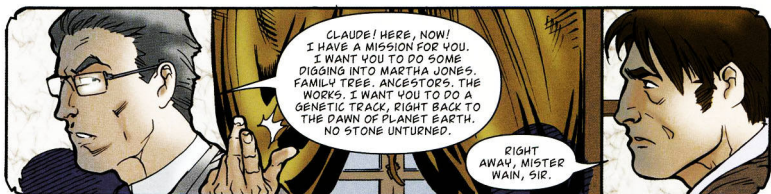
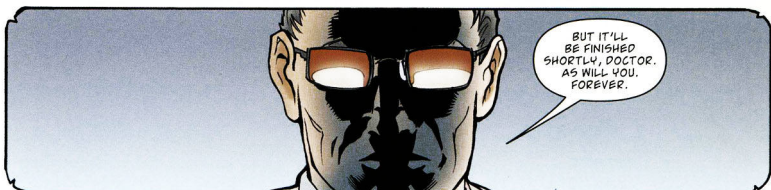
BUT THARLOT BETRAYED YOU COS HE'S BEEN CONTACTED BY THE CREATURE THAT'S COMING THROUGH THE BREACH ALREADY. AND THARLOT'S MAD. AND A CONVICTED MASS MURDERER. YEAH, SOME GREAT ALL-POWERFUL BEINGS YOU ARE. ALL THAT POWER, ALL THAT REALITY-WARPING ENERGY, AND DIMENSIONAL DISPLACEMENT THEORY, AND ALL THAT SHAPE-CHANGING ABILITIES AND WHAT YOU REALLY NEED AT THE END OF THE DAY IS A TIME LORD, A FANTASTIC HUMAN FROM SOUTH LONDON AND A SONIC SCREWDRIVER.



JUST AS WELL THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT THEY'VE GOT THEN.









"AND SO, MUM, HERE I AM. THE PANTHEON BROUGHT US AND THE TARDIS HERE, AND USING THE SONIC STAIN ON THE DOCTOR'S SCREWDRIVER, WE TRACED THE CANNON TO HERE, TO THE RUINS OF WHAT WAS ONCE A LUSH GREEN PLANET.

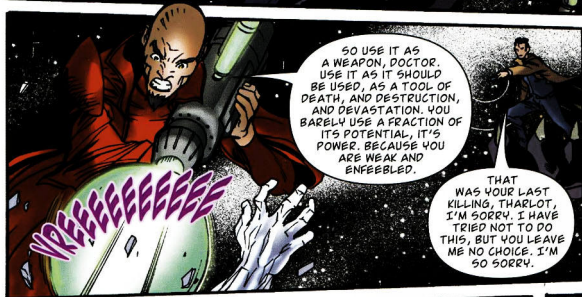
"I HEARD SOMEONE SAY IT WAS CALLED KAS. ALL I KNOW IS THAT IT'S THE CLOSEST TO THE BREACH AND IN ABOUT TEN MINUTES, THE DOCTOR IS GOING TO USE THAT SONIC CANNON TO CHANNEL NOT JUST ITS OWN SONIC POWER, BUT ALL THE PSYCHIC ENERGY OF THE BILLIONS OF PEOPLE TRANSPORTED BY THE PANTHEON TO THE OTHER PLANETS IN THIS ALIGNMENT.

"THEY AREN'T FIGHTERS LIKE THESE PEOPLE—THESE PEOPLE VOLUNTEERED TO BE THE ADVANCE GUARD, TO GIVE THE OTHERS TIME TO PREPARE THEMSELVES MENTALLY. A COUPLE OF THE PANTHEON ARE WITH THEM, HELPING SOOTHE THEM, MENTALLY.

"I DON'T LIKE THIS. I DON'T LIKE THE WAR. THE DEATH. THE THOUGHT THAT THESE PEOPLES' BRAINS MIGHT GET FRIED. BUT I'M STILL GLAD THE DOCTOR SAID 'YES'."



SONIC TOOLS ARE JUST THAT, THARLOT. TOOLS. NOT WEAPONS. SONIC SCREWDRIERS, SONIC LIPSTICKS, SONIC PENS, SONIC FORKS EVEN—TOOLS. AND I ALWAYS SWEAR THAT I'LL NEVER USE MINE AS ANYTHING OTHER THAN THAT. BUT TODAY, THARLOT, TODAY YOU'RE TRYING MY PATIENCE AND THERE'S A LOT AT STAKE.

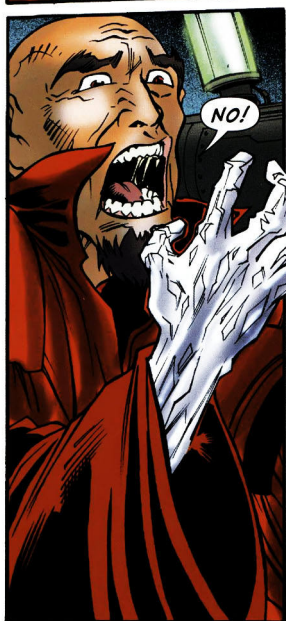


SO USE IT AS A WEAPON, DOCTOR. USE IT AS IT SHOULD BE USED, AS A TOOL OF DEATH, AND DESTRUCTION, AND DEVASTATION. YOU BARELY USE A FRACTION OF ITS POTENTIAL, IT'S POWER, BECAUSE YOU ARE WEAK AND ENFEEBLED.

THAT WAS YOUR LAST KILLING, THARLOT, I'M SORRY. I HAVE TRIED NOT TO DO THIS, BUT YOU LEAVE ME NO CHOICE. I'M SO SORRY.



AND WHEN MY SONICS CONTRACT YOUR SONICS...



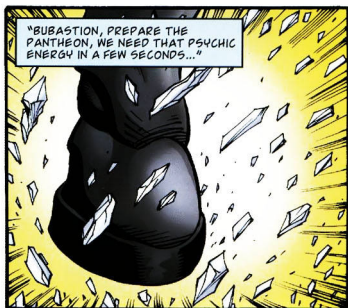
NO!



WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?



DOCTOR! NO... STOP THIS... HELP!





"THEY ARE
READY DOCTOR!"



THIS
BETTER WORK,
BUBASTION,
OR IT'S THE
SHORTEST,
MOST PYRRHIC
VICTORY IN
HISTORY...



OH YES!



NOW,
BUBASTION,
WE NEED THE
THOUGHTS OF A
BILLION SOULS.
NOW!

GOD, I
HOPE THIS
WORKS...





"DON'T COUNT YOUR CHICKENS
JUST YET, MARTHA..."



"I DON'T BELIEVE IT—THE
PANTHEON GOT IT RIGHT!
THE PLAN WORKS!"



"DOCTOR, MY FELLOW PANTHEON REPORT
THE POPULATIONS ARE WEAKENING, THEY
HAVE NO ENERGY LEFT..."



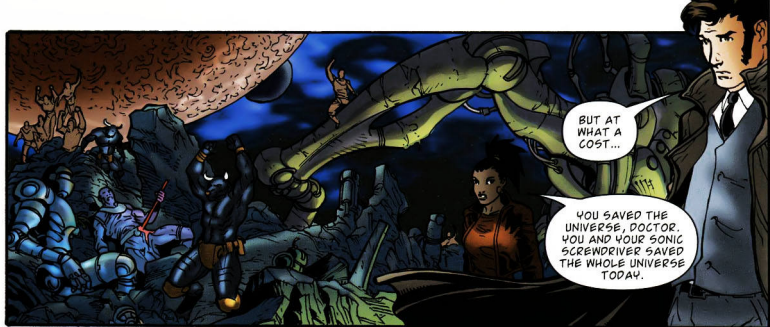
"ONE LAST
CONCERTED
EFFORT..."



"THAT'S ENOUGH. STOP.
EVERYTHING STOP!"



"IT'S OVER..."



WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU
FORGET EVERYTHING?



DOCTOR • WHO

THE FORGOTTEN

Tony Lee | Pia Guerra

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HELL AIN'T JUST FOR ANGELS

Spike's recent history revealed in *SPIKE: AFTER THE FALL*



art by Franco Urru

After his stellar work on the IDW Angel series *Spike: Asylum* and *Spike: Shadow Puppets*, writer **Brian Lynch** so impressed Angel creator **Joss Whedon** that Whedon hand-picked Lynch to take the writing reins for the comic book continuation of the popular Angel TV series, IDW's *Angel: After the Fall*.

The series has been an unprecedented success for IDW, much of that owed to the fantastic scripts by Lynch. Filled with the kind of action, drama, and witty dialogue Angel fans have come to expect from Whedon's über-popular creation, *Angel: After the Fall* has further solidified Lynch's reputation as one of the comic book industry's rising creative stars.

Recently, IDW sat down with Lynch to discuss his past work in the Whedonverse, as well as what fans can expect from his newest adventure into the 'verse, *Spike: After the Fall*.



art by Franco Urru

JUNE RELEASES FROM IDW PUBLISHING

- Angel: After the Fall #8
- Angel: After the Fall #9
- Angel: After the Fall #9 - Foil Photo edition
- D'Arjan Adventure #3
- Doctor Who #6
- Doctor Who Classics #7
- Everybody's Dead #4
- FX #4
- Fallen Angel #27
- Ghost Whisperer: The Haunted #4
- Igor Movie Prequel #2
- Lucke and Key #5
- Mack Bolan: The Devil's Tools #3
- The Mummy Movie Prequel: The Rise and Fall of Xango's Ax #3
- Rogue Angel: Teller of Tall Tales #5
- Star Trek: Assignment Earth #2
- Star Trek: Mirror Images #1
- Star Trek: New Frontier #4
- Star Trek: Year Four: The Enterprise Experiment #3
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- Zombies!: Hunters #2
- The Transformers: Best of the UK: Space Pirates #4
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- Transformers Spotlight: Cyclonus
- Transformers Spotlight: Wheelie

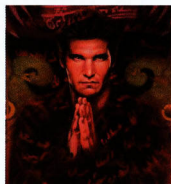
- Angel: After the Fall HC
- The Complete Badger Vol. 3 TPB
- Complete Popbot HC
- Scorchy Smith and the Art of Noel Sickles Sparrow Boxed Set
- Wormwood: Calamari Rising TPB



Angel: After the Fall #8



Angel: After the Fall #9



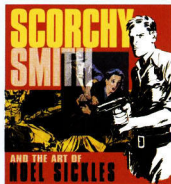
Angel: After the Fall HC



Star Trek: Mirror Images #1



Transformers Spotlight: Cyclonus



Scorchy Smith and the Art of Noel Sickles

IDWords: *You cut your fangs writing Spike-based comics with Spike: Asylum and Spike: Shadow Puppets, and now you've expanded your efforts into the greater Whedonverse with Angel: After the Fall. How does it feel to move back into the realm of your first success as an Angel writer, where Spike is the central character?*

Brian Lynch: It's like hanging out with an old, fictional friend who is cooler and more handsome than I am. Spike is such a rich, wonderful character, and now we get a full four issues to jump back into his head.

IDWords: *You and artist Franco Urru have worked together extensively on multiple series now and appear very in sync with one another. What surprises do the two of you have planned for this series?*

BL: Well, Franco sent me an e-mail saying, "I'm kinda tired, let's have Spike not do anything," so I guess the biggest surprise is that it's four straight issues of Spike napping. No dream sequences, no sleep-walking, just 88 pages of Spike sleeping on his side. Occasionally snoring (don't worry, not too much, letterer!).

Okay, I just got another e-mail from IDW Editor-in-Chief **Chris Ryall** and he said we can't do that whole sleeping thing, so instead we're going to examine what happens to Spike after he was sent to Hell. He becomes Illyria's protector and caretaker, but it's not just Illyria that Spike has to worry about. A large group of humans have decided that following those two around might be the safest course of action to survive Hell, so Spike becomes somewhat of a shepherd to a huge group of Los Angeles citizens.

And if that isn't enough, and it totally should be, we also deal with how Spike got hooked up with the group of ladies we saw him playing house with at the beginning of *Angel: After the Fall*. We know that at one point he was their slave and he rose up and eventually led them, so we'll see how all that went down. The specifics are gonna surprise people, I think.

IDWords: *Does writing a comic starring Spike require a different approach than writing a book where Angel is the lead character?*

BL: Writing a comic from Spike's point of view is definitely a different experience than writing one from Angel's. Specifically, for this series of comics, Angel's dealing with a lot of eternal guilt for sending the entire city to Hell.

Spike isn't dealing with that kind of guilt—he's pissed off and cynical about the situation, and a pissed-off, cynical Spike is a fun Spike. At the same time, he's watching over Illyria, who has the face of a woman he loved and cared for, and that's doing a number on him.

Finally, Spike is blond and Angel's a brunette. There's an old adage, "blondes get to stay vampires" or something, and that is certainly true in this book.

IDWords: *Of all the Whedonverse characters, which one comes the most naturally to you, or is the most fun to write?*

BL: Spike and Angel are both, at this point, pretty easy to write. When I started writing their respective books, I watched hours and hours of episodes featuring the characters, but by now I feel as though I've got their voices down. Outside of them, I would say it's easy to tap into my inner lounge singer demon for Lorne, and Connor is always a ball to write.



B&W cover art by The Sharp Brothers

As for most fun, Spike and Angel take first place in that category, again. Put them in the scene together and the fun triples. Also, there are a few scenes in *Spike: After the Fall* wherein Illyria interacts with the aforementioned Los Angeles citizens, and those were great fun to write. Having a bunch of people that don't understand just what they're dealing with, and having Illyria not understand them at all, that's always a good time.

IDWords: *Can you tell us if any other familiar faces will be showing up in Spike: After the Fall, and if so, who?*

BL: Let's see: Spike and Illyria, obviously. Outside of that, we'll definitely run into a bunch of familiar faces. Connor is a good bet, given that it's been revealed they have (much to Angel's chagrin) teamed up. Oh, and a certain very large Dragon will be putting-in-an appearance. It was tough and go for a while, we had to really haggle with the Dragon's agents, but we finally came to an acceptable deal for all involved.

There are plenty more, but I want to keep people surprised. In keeping with that desire, I plan on sneaking up on each and every person that reads the book and tickling them until they cry. Tears of laughter, of course... I'm not weird.